

To the WORSHIPFUL

THOMAS HALL, Esq. MAYOR, The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of ALL-SAINTS, from the 21st of December, 1794, to the 21st of December, 1795; including Persons (in Number 12) buried at the Meeting in *College-Lane*; at the Chapel in *King's Head Lane*, 4; at the Methodists' Chapel, *Ditto*, 0; and at the Quakers' Burying Ground, 2.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Accidental - 1	Convulsion - 1	Fevers - 2	Mortification - 3
Aged - 13	Consumptions - 31	Fits - 13	Small-Pox - 11
Asthma - 1	Croop - 1	Flux - 1	Thrush - 1
Child-Bed - 1	Dropsy - 4	Inflammation - 1	Venereal - 1

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old 30	Ten and Twenty - 6	Forty and Fifty - 4	Seventy and Eighty - 13
Between Two and Five 7	Twenty and Thirty - 8	Fifty and Sixty - 4	Eighty and Ninety - 0
Five and Ten - 4	Thirty and Forty - 3	Sixty and Seventy - 7	Ninety and an Hundred 0

CHRISTENED.				BURIED			
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females	Total.	
ALL-SAINTS. - -	43	50	93	44	42	86	
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	14	15	29	22	16	38	
St. GILES'S. - -	26	13	39	24	22	46	
St. PETER'S. - -	3	6	9	2	6	8	
In the whole Town.	86	84	170	92	86	178	
The Meeting in St. PETER'S Parish, 8.	Increased	-	3	Increased	-	43	

DEATH and ETERNITY.

I.
MY thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
And owns her sov'reign, Death.

II.
The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

III.
These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

IV.
But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace eternity.



V.
O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

VI.
Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

VII.
There we shall swim in heav'nly blifs,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcase thoughtless lies
Amongst the silent graves.

VIII.
Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say:
"These once were strong, as mine appear,
"And mine must be as they."

IX.
Thus shall our mould'ring members teach
What now our senses learn:
For dust and ashes loudly preach
Man's infinite concern.